

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 879.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1874.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 19.

Robert Franz's First Impressions of "Lohengrin."

[As Wagner's romantic Opera has at last been actually performed here in Boston, we think it timely to reproduce the following Letter of the song composer to a well known poet, which appeared, by request, in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* over twenty years ago, and which we at that time translated and printed in these columns. It will probably be read with more interest now than it was then.]

* * * * * You write me about the Opera and about what you call "demonic" music. I answer both in one breath, while I tell you about—Richard Wagner.

And first a confession, which from the lips of a musician must sound almost comical. A short time since I had not heard a note of Wagner, and my prepossession was founded merely upon a glance into the score of the *Tannhäuser*. There everything to the eye was so confused and long-winded, no working together, mere disconnected musical monologue, I was agonized; for although universal suffrage is an integral part of the rational constitution in the musical republic, yet here as everywhere else it presupposes decent common sense. Men and notes are then only veritable and self-governing republicans, when they support the *whole* and do not with steadfast satisfaction ogle themselves or with forth-putting egoism strive to erect a separate planetary system.—So I shared the aversion of nearly all my brother artists to the two-fold rebel, and made it a matter of conscience to cross myself devoutly at the mention of the name of Wagner, put on a long face and say to myself with pharisaicalunction: "Lord, I thank thee," &c. Chance, rather than desire, put into my hands his book, *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* ("The Art of the Future.") To my great surprise I gained from this work the conviction that the composer must have a good sum of clear and orderly ideas in his head, and that he could undertake absolutely nothing, that would not be justifiable from some higher stand-point.

Liszt was so kind as to invite me to Weimar, and assured me beforehand that the *Lohengrin* would more than compensate me for the journey. The "Art of the Future," together with that adventurous score, had put me in a state of great excitement; but it needed that to entice me so far to an opera. You know that I am as fond of your art as of my own, and will readily comprehend that I am principled against all that has heretofore been called Opera. If I listened to the music, the action would escape me; if I attended to the latter, I lost too much of the former, and indeed lost altogether the words which formed the substratum of the tones!—in short I could make no unity out of it, and carried only fragmentary impressions into it. This disinclination of mine not only extended to Meyerbeer and Flotow, but my heresy touched even Mozart (*on the stage, observe,*) as well as the rest of them. At last I accustomed myself to the thought that my

means of judging in regard to stage matters must be very limited;—a suspicion, which gained in probability, when I took into account the lively interest of many, with whom I fully harmonized in all the other cardinal points. Still I adhered firmly to the proposition, that the Opera fritters the poetry to shreds and dismembers the music by the dialogue and other fine things. But after *Lohengrin*, I shall have to view it differently. From the first bar I was in the midst of it, and soon stood in such active reciprocity with what was passing on the stage and in the orchestra, that throughout the whole representation I imagined myself in fact a fellow-singer and actor with the rest. How irksome is the frivolity of the French manner, which now rules our stage, compared with such deep and noble conception! To be sure, the latter presupposes something, which our present theatre public appears almost to have lost,—namely *abandon* and free sympathetic play of feeling, —a moral process, without which all intelligent understanding of Art is out of the question.

But don't believe that I have become an enthusiast over night. On the contrary I regard the matter very calmly, and shall withhold my blame as little as my praise. . . .

Wagner's opera is a whole, and therefore only enjoyable and understandable *as represented*. Other opera music is suited also to the concert room. Mozart, for instance, is comprehensible to me in his full worth *only* there;—whereas to separate Wagner's music from his poem would be, so to speak, complete annihilation. Hence the impression which the score of *Tannhäuser* made upon me. I had not, in my prejudice against everything called opera, supposed it possible that the music could so mould and subordinate itself to the action, without merging itself entirely. In *Lohengrin* it seems merely to introduce lights and shadows into the picture, merely to adorn emotions and scenes, to render them clear and transparent; it only gives to the effect of the action a longer reach, and extends it to those nerves, which otherwise would have had no part in the enjoyment, and so draws the *whole* man into the magic circle. It never enters its head to expatiate on its own account, or to move in the forms of a traditional or scholastic cut; it accompanies the development of the poem, breathes into it the tender or conjures up the stormy; fills out, recedes or becomes prominent, as there may be necessity. But always you are in the midst of an elaborate, fully justified whole.

But if we view it now from the stand-point of a purely musical criticism, and not as a ramified and complex organism, of which a part only rests upon tones, we find indeed a remarkable poverty. Only a few essential motives mark the musical connection; these are held fast from one end of the opera to the other, and we always see them emerge and turn up again, just when a chaos threatens and when all seems going wilfully to pieces. What is offered you

besides these fundamental bodies, seems, taken by itself alone, a disconnected mass, whose centre of gravity resides not in the vocal, but the instrumental music. But do not for the world suppose that these are regular instrumental movements, after the patterns that have become fixed since Beethoven. With Wagner they rest upon pure sonority, upon the reflex movements of tone. Herein he is great, here the most assiduous studies evidently have borne marvellous fruit. It is a true fable-world, a true rainbow of tones. Unheard of combinations of sound, but throughout of a beauty incomparable. The entire introduction to *Lohengrin* is a fairy element, and one can hardly, even with the critical spectacles on nose, avoid a state of ecstasy and transport. The nerves vibrate, but how ??!

Now upon these tone-combinations, for which I purposely avoid using the fixed idea of "chords," the vocal melody is set. It is kept in peculiar, I might say, in strange intervals, and is almost exclusively in Recitative. Only in rare cases, where a powerful effect absolutely demands it, it rises to an *Arioso*, which naturally, since the stimulant has not been abused, cannot fail of its effect.—It is hard to conceive how the singers can impress upon their memory such apparently ungracious forms of melody; and yet they assure me that, as soon as they once get hold of it, every note stand as if chiselled in the head. Note this; it speaks for your theory, for the natural fundamental bass, and the "demonic" formation of accords of which you speak.—For the rest, the music goes with the thoughts to be expressed through thick and thin. The modulation observes no traditional rules, no familiar form; it is entirely dithyrambic: a full chord of C major, and close upon it a D major, is an every-day occurrence. Of symmetrically constructed rhythmical figures there is nothing to be found; one crowds the other forward, restlessly and without perceptible goal. . . . And in spite of these licenses and monstrosities, always the alone right, the indispensably necessary for the time, is hit. Comprehend it, he who can! While with Meyerbeer the refinement is shamefully paraded, here it always works merely in a completing, mediating function, and helps, in spite of its exquisite form, to finish off the whole with charming, naïve grace. I was not once disagreeably affected in the whole course of the performance; on the contrary, the feeling never for a moment left me, that I was in the presence of a grand creation, strong in the consciousness of its title. Whether it were the charm of absolute novelty, or what else, I can name only a very few productions which have thrilled me so as a whole (*ganz aus dem Vollen*), so "demoniacally," to use your word again, as *Lohengrin*.

And the public? It listened eagerly, devoutly, deeply moved and spell-bound, as if it felt the might of a sonorous stream, flowing towards

it out of the heart of the world. Another palpable proof that men, be they ever so *blasé*, feel instinctively and grow believing, so soon as anything is offered them out of the mysterious and yet clear-running fountain of eternal nature. This is in fact the might of the primal energy, of the "demonic element," which the world's petitfogging wisdom, unable, as you say, to tell what to make of it, is always ready enough to pronounce *demonic* in the evil sense. . . .

Do you think now that I have come completely over to your view? Do you think that I am convinced with you, that Music in the immediate Future is to undergo a noble expansion? As a handmaid, renouncing its independent estate, yes;—but as exercising its ancient, just right, no! For a thrifty future of the "Art of the Future," in my humble opinion, in spite of Richard Wagner, there can be little hope. He, at once poet and composer, to whom all the labor and all the victory belongs, cannot be seduced into a rivalry with himself; so he lets music be music and he makes an—opera. But what he thereby proves most strikingly is, the poverty of musical invention in our time. He is so penetrated with the misery of the present state of Art, that he makes no conscience of magnifying it.

You have here shortly and concisely my view about Opera and "demonic" music, or music resting only upon natural laws of sound. It claims, of course, only the weight of an individual view. Wagner, through his two-fold endowment, is the only man who could create an opera, which in its fundamental conditions is an integral work of Art. Whoever would follow Wagner's tone-tracks and their wind-harp system, without the inborn, genial feeling of the right and necessary, must do sensible injury to himself, and if he be a setter of the fashion, to the Art. Wagner is a—remarkable phenomenon, a thoroughly genial, self-justifying nature; but imitators will still be imitators, and as such will never know how to take home to themselves the ancient truth:

Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.

ROBERT FRANZ.

Musical Education and Popular Concerts.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

In a recent quite lively discussion in the *Daily Advertiser* newspaper, about concert programmes, the ways and means of musically educating a people not as yet altogether musical have been descended upon to a rather unusual extent. The discussion, beginning with a good-natured enough protest by a "Disappointed Subscriber" to Mr. Theodore Thomas's series of Symphony Concerts, had at the outset little if anything to do with popular education. The subject of debate was at first mainly whether symphony concerts are as *amusing* entertainments as the public at large might desire. Had the discussion not bordered to a rather dangerous degree upon more weighty matters, we should have been wholly glad to see the subject approached from so un-Anglo-Saxon a point of view. A plea for amusement pure and simple, for amusement *per se*, divorced from all instructive and intellectual disturbing elements, coming from the very heart of Boston, is in itself a refreshing novelty, interesting and to our mind praiseworthy when considered in its purely social relations. But the matter in hand is so mixed up with things that are of indispensable educational worth, that we cannot but view our "disappointed" friend, together with his more

desperately skeptical partisan "B." in a questionable light. It is not our purpose, neither is this the place, to answer directly any of the statements or arguments of either writer; but taking the unfeigned interest in the subject that has been displayed throughout the discussion for our excuse, we venture to offer some ideas on the subject of musical education in this country as affected by concert programmes and concert-going.

Were any scheme of progressive popular musical education possible with us, we should advocate it by all means. But there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of such a plan. In the first place, the wondrously heterogeneous elements of which American society is, more than any other, composed, and the lightning pace of progress as well as the extreme complexity of modern civilization are against it. Even if our society were of that simple structure that we find in Germany in the thirteenth century, any rationally progressive system of general musical culture would prove impossible. In Germany the popular musical sense was rationally and gradually developed through a period of several centuries, its natural growth being fed by foreign (French, Dutch, and Italian) influences, until the Germans became the preeminently musical people they are at the present day. But mark one all-important fact. These foreign influences, the results of the then higher aesthetic civilization of France and Italy, were only brought to bear very gradually upon Germany. When we consider the difficulty of communication then existing between different countries, we can easily understand how slowly and at the same time how generally these influences worked.

Every bit of French, Dutch, or Italian musical learning had time to be thoroughly assimilated by Germany before a new lesson came from beyond the borders. Little hints of foreign improvement in counterpoint and musical form came to Germany as the weekly paper comes to some lone backwoods village, in which every eager, news-loving mortal, from schoolmaster to plowboy, knows every item of print by heart long before the next week brings a fresh supply. But America is now in a vastly different position from Germany in those old simple times. We are now, in our musical infancy, living in daily intercourse with Germany and France in the full heyday of their musical manhood and Italy in its musical decline, by this time quite sufficiently far advanced. In this age of steamboats, railways, and shilling-editions, he that runs may read, if he be so inclined, and the man that can assimilate most quickly soon outstrips his duller brother. Society rapidly falls into distinct musical classes, and he who cannot keep up with the foremost must take his chance in the rear. Those who cannot fly must sink until they reach some denser fluid in which they may at least *swim*, unless they be perchance of that specific gravity which can only be supported by solid ground of matter of fact, and are thus forced to *walk* this earth, unbouyed by aesthetics of any sort. Which latter class of beings have also their use in the world.

The question now arises, Which class has the highest and most imperative rights? The class of swimmers are sure to largely outnumber the flyers. That is one point in their favor. But are majorities to rule unquestioned in matters of the intellect and of the aesthetic sense as they do in coarser affairs? To our thinking the man of high aesthetic nature and cultivation has an almost divine right to exercise and nourish his superior faculties in what most transcendent manner he can. Let the mediocre majority feed after him, even on the crumbs that fall from his table, if need be. But what if the cultivated minority should consent to waive their rights, harness themselves to the yoke of public instruction, and become merely didactic individuals for the benefit of plodding mankind? The idea has a seductive flavor of Christian charity and public-spirited self-immolation! Supposing that all our cultivated

musicians and music-lovers should forego their classical symphony concerts and fascinating experimentalizing among the more modern musical transcendentalists, and, taking their more ignorant neighbors by the hand, should try to lead them on through even the most judiciously selected course of progressive concerts, beginning with "Nelly Bly" in a hope of ultimately ending with "Israel in Egypt," the Passion, and the later Beethoven quartets. Supposing that our aspiring composers should devote themselves to the composition of such music as can be well assimilated by the multitude, instead of following their own highest ideal, and that both composers and music-lovers hold for a period of ten or twenty years concentrate their aesthetic energies upon leading the masses step by step to an understanding of the higher music. We will not ask what thanks they would get, for that is a small matter, but we will ask what good they would do that would be in any reasonable proportion to the pains expended. The answer is, to our thinking, clearly, *none!* Any good result to be brought about by such a plan would be an unprecedented novelty in the history of civilization and culture. The whole country would be steeped in the most disheartening mediocrity. We must never forget what an overwhelming influence the fit individual has upon the whole culture of his age. The higher above the common herd the individual stands, the greater and surer will his influence be in the end. Could the masses be autocratically compelled to *study* music, some good might be done by taking up the didactic method; but as matters exist, this is impossible. The only feasible plan is to present to the public, and with all one's might uphold examples of what is highest and best in music as well as in the other arts. Works of true, lofty genius *cannot fail* to have their purifying and elevating effect upon all who are amenable to musical influences; sooner upon some, later upon others. A Beethoven A-major symphony, a Mozart "Don Giovanni," a Bach Passions-Musik are infallible as truth itself. Take even our most cultivated music-lovers away from the constant influence of works like these, place them under less exalting influences, and they will soon enough degenerate into a condition in which they will not be trustworthy guides even to the most ignorant. We would have no manner of compromise in the matter, and would oppose to the last inch any encroachment upon the perfect artistic structure of concert programmes. No standard is too high, not even the very highest. We are of course speaking of concerts which have only the advancement in the art for their object: symphony concerts, chamber concerts, and piano-forte recitals. The best of us are not perfect, neither are the wisest of us very wise.

Instead of wasting so much breath and ink upon a chimerical gradual cultivation of the masses, it would be much more to the purpose to do all in our power towards the still higher and highest cultivation of the already enlightened few. Let our leaders in opinion be as perfect as possible. But we are again told that if this is the case, the common herd will merely take the leader's opinions on faith, thus paving the way for self-deception, sham enjoyment of high music without appreciation or understanding, hypocritical hero worship, and evils without end. This is most stupendously untrue. It is out of the nature of things. Nobody today who is worthy the name of man, and is not a mere eating and sleeping featherless biped, will take anything on faith. The uncomprehended invites investigation, the uncomprehended good more than the uncomprehended evil. Culture is infectious. Where the most highly cultivated nucleus exists, there will be the highest general cultivation. Nothing is more fatal to general culture than that intellectual and aesthetic communism which would have the foremost wait until those who lag behind shall have caught up with him.

But let none mistake our meaning. The

very last thing we would aim our shafts at is general education, aesthetic or otherwise. But general rudimentary education is not to be undertaken with the mature man. That is the business of the school-boy. Where rudimentary musical education is taking such strides as it is in our public schools, there is little fear of a want of that. The next generation will be upon us soon, and let our leaders look to it that they be in fit condition to preach the evangel of Bach and Beethoven to these coming youngsters, who *do* know their right hand from their left. The generation of "musical infants" is passing away. What if there still linger some few pitiable beings who cheat themselves into liking Beethoven symphonies, because Beethoven is fashionable? What harm is done? We think that this sham admiration for classic music in our audiences has been, upon the whole, overrated. It is hardly conceivable that human folly should reach the pitch of going, year in, year out, to concerts merely for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of one's fellow-creatures.

There is a strong tendency with many people to look upon music as a mere amusement, and to decry all music from which they fail to derive such pleasure as one gets from eating and drinking, or any other merely sensual enjoyment, as purely mathematical. "Scientific" is the word commonly used in this connection. People are fond of contrasting "music of the head" with "music of the heart," generally classing under the former term all music that they do not like, and under the latter all music that they do. Now the enjoyment derived from music is much of the same kind as that derived from the contemplation of a fine painting or statue, a beautiful face or form, or from fine poetry. Music to be beautiful must needs be scientific, that is, it must follow the fundamental laws of the art, just as a painting must follow the laws of perspective, anatomy, and coloring. By scientific we mean in accordance with laws that are discoverable by science. A composition, as a logically consistent whole, must have its why and wherefore, and be capable of analysis into mutually dependent parts. But the enjoyment to be derived from it as a work of art does not depend upon the recognition of such analysis by the listener, any more than the enjoyment of a painting depends upon our recognition of the correctness of its anatomy and perspective. The beauty of both composition and painting is instinctively *felt*. If the details, the mechanical part of the work, are faulty, our enjoyment is lessened in the exact ratio of our knowledge of what it should be to be perfect. But mechanical perfection of detail, or mere truth to nature, never of themselves made either a composition or a painting enjoyable; although both may be indispensable to the perfect enjoyment of the cultivated art-lover. These are but the body, not the soul of art. It is just the indescribable beauty either of form, sentiment, or passion, that one enjoys in music,—an element that can rarely exist to a marked degree in a technically faulty composition, but which is of a higher nature than mere technicality and wholly distinct from it. If "music of the head" means music that is merely technically perfect, then it means music that is simply worthless, and we knew of infinitely little classic music that can be ranked under such a heading. What "music of the heart" may mean, unless it simply means good music, we are at a loss to discover. That many people fail to feel the beauty of much of the grandest music, because of their want of acquaintance with musical forms of expression, is no more strange than that many of us would fail to see the beauty of a Sanskrit poem. It is with the greatest delight that we see so many "thoughtfully intent faces" at our concerts, bent upon finding out the beauties of the great symphonies. This persevering study is as sure of its reward as is the pursuit of truth itself. All the beauty of melody, sentiment, passion, tragic power, or comic humor, that can be found in music at all, can be found in hundred-fold

intensity and grandeur in the great classic music. The classic music is, to be sure, intellectual, but it is all the more inspiring for that, and with an inspiration that lasts. But music that is simply *amusing* generally fails to amuse more than a few times; and, excellent as its function may be in the proper place and at the proper time, it can hardly be a very promising means of education.

On Editing.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

This is the age of editing. In other times, it was enough for some men to produce and others to admire; but now, a third function with respect to art has come to be established, a third person stands between the artist and those to whom his work is addressed, and the editor so frequently presents himself, that the world begins to consider that his office must be indispensable.

Now there are three orders of editorship.

One takes upon itself the duty of purifying the text of an inaccessible author, and of presenting his works in a form as like to that in which he left them, as documentary and traditional evidence, together with most intelligent conjecture, can enable him to do. The result of his labor is what may be styled a library copy, valuable for reference on all occasions, and an authority on any points that may possibly be disputed. Such an edition as this, of any work of literary or musical art, cannot be too highly treasured, and, in the case of true masterpieces, is desirable beyond estimate. Literature has fared better; but the debatable incidents in musical works are many, very many, and the means of deciding them are far beyond the reach of a vast majority of the persons who are interested in them. An editor of this class needs to exercise his discretion, when there is the choice of two authorities of nearly equal value; for instance, there may be the autograph of a work and a printed copy of the first edition of the same. In many cases the reliability of the former is indisputable; but in others, it may often happen that a composer has improved upon his first intentions, either from the experience of performance, from a reconsideration of a phrase, or from any other cause. He will then naturally alter the parts from which his piece is to be sung or played, or he will alter the proof sheets if it is to be printed; but he will rarely run home from a rehearsal or a printing office to correct his original MS. When this happens, of necessity a copy of the first edition is a better guide for the editor, than is even the handwriting of the composer; at least so judged the Council of the Handel Society, in opposition to Mendelssohn, when they issued "Israel in Egypt" under the editorship of the latter, who wished to restore several points from the MS. that had been altered, obviously for improvement's sake, before the oratorio was first printed. Some of these points are so highly interesting that one at least may be cited in support of the Council's decision, and in proof of the superiority of the printed over the written authority. Throughout the Chorus, "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," Handel wrote the often repeated phrase "the waters were gathered" with the word "we-re" in two syllables, having four separate quavers for "wa-ters we-re;" but printed it, as we all know, with two joined quavers for the first syllable, and one quaver each for the other two.

Another order of editorship engages itself with expounding, so to speak, the original, and by the substitution perhaps of one word or one note for another, or by the change of punctuation, to make clear the sense of phrases which has been left doubtful by the author. To this order belong the countless array of Shakespearian commentators, who have amended away at the assumed obscurities of the original text, till, it is probable, the author himself might be unable to recognize some of his passages, and quite unable to understand them in the guise these worthies have given them. The punctuation of music consists in the slurs to indicate the phrasing, which supply the place of the commas, semicolons, and the like, of literature, which are almost as essential to the sense as the very words they divide and congregate. It is in this matter of slurring or phrasing that the works of many musicians, even among the most eminent, are sadly defective. A thoroughly cultivated reader can of course supply for himself the deficiencies of the copy; and, if he give an interesting rendering of the work, we are thankful to him; even though his views of the expression of a phrase perhaps differ from those of

the man who wrote it. Such a rendering is scarcely to be improvised, but demands, in most cases, so intimate a knowledge of the music, on the part of the player, that it must indeed live again as vividly in his mind as it did in that of the composer. This, and only this, can qualify him to treat a phrase as if it were his own; and it is only under such treatment that any phrase can come forth with a natural air, an unconstrained expression. A vast proportion of music needs several simultaneous executants, and it is not possible under any doctrine of chances, that all of these can at once extemporize the same reading. It is necessary then, for an efficient performance, that some one person consider what has here been defined as the punctuation of music, and that he correspondingly mark the several parts which are to be played together. Some editors, of the order in present consideration, stretch their duty to its very verge, if not break it by excess of tension; which are they who not only indicate how many notes are to be given in one breath, or in one bow, or without raising the fingers from a keyboard, but mark what notes are to be played loudly and what softly, what are to be detached and what conjoined, and thus give often a meaning to a phrase which is apart from the composer's intention, and is sometimes opposed to the natural tendency of the phrase itself. This kind of thing is admissible in performance, where the personality of the player may give interest to his erratic construction of a composer's meaning; but it should not be perpetuated in print, unless accompanied with a complete description of what was originally written, and of what has been altered from and what added to the author's text. The free-handed and unavowed substitution of words in the editions of Shakespeare that preceded the present generation, has led to the adoption of many of these in general belief as authentic, and it is only readers who make first acquaintance with the text from later editions, the principle of which is to restore the earliest readings, who can receive these unprejudiced by the powerful influence of familiarity with "amended" versions, which prompts the supposition that right is wrong and corruption is purity. So too, in the reprints of the masterpieces in music, it has been so far customary for editors to insert their own marks of piano and forte, and sforzando, and so forth, that when one lights upon a primitive copy, one is astonished to find how much and how little belong to the composer of these expressive directions. What may be styled a practical copy is of great use, of musical works, to players who have not the capabilities to interpret a composer's purpose by the light of their own intelligence, either for want of intimacy with a particular work, or of time to acquire it, when general education may perhaps have prepared them to obtain an insight into its design and details. Respect to convenience renders it often impracticable to define in print exactly what is editorial and what is authoritative; but it is of the highest importance that editions thus ornamented, let us admit it to be, with the annotations of an editor, should be distinguished as such, so that they may not mislead a reader into the supposition that the inserted marks are due to the writer of the piece. Let such as this be styled a school edition, if you will, and let its advantages be fully acknowledged; but let it never be confounded with the library edition before noticed, which there surely ought to exist, of every work whose interest was sufficient to make a knowledge desirable of what the author wrote, even though readers should in some instances prefer to depart therefrom. An edition of the pianoforte works of Beethoven, now in the course of issue in Germany, carries this assumed prerogative of an editor to an extent happily extraordinary, and extraordinary let us hope it may long continue. In this, with most reckless disregard of evidence, the editors, and one in particular, assume to have a kind of second sight of the author's meaning, and by the guidance of this preternatural light, they take upon themselves to set aside what Beethoven wrote and printed, and they supersede this in many passages by substitutions of their own, which materially change the character and alter the effect of what common-place folks blindly believe must have been intended by the master—poor common-place folks! who have but the indisputable notes of the original, the general manner of the author, a comprehension of the theoretical and practical state of art in his time, and a reverence for a great man's meaning and his individual way of expressing it, to guide them. They who are responsible for this edition, unscrupulously add octaves or double octaves to passages written in single notes, extend scales from one octave to two, and make other still more serious

changes, which, let us do them the kindness to suppose, they imagine to be betterings of what the world received as perfect prior to the pretence of these gentleman to prove it to be imperfect. Of a totally different character, is an edition of the pianoforte Sonatas recently issued in England, wherein infinite pains have been spent in purifying the text according to the highest authorities, and impunctuating the phrases as aforesaid, so as to distinguish their meaning to all who read them. The English, or one produced in the same spirit and with the same amount of insight, should of course be the school edition. The German edition must be a curiosity from which reason and feeling will revolt.

Our third order of editorship assumes the right and presumes the capability to add to the works of great musicians in order to fit them for present use. In letters the same was done by John Dryden, by Nahum Tate, and by David Garrick, with regard to the plays of Shakespeare, and a pretty business they made of their changements. Mankind has come to the convictions that the Tempest is best without having a youth that has never seen a maiden; that King Lear is not improved by the omission of the Fool or by the love of Edgar and Cordelia; and that Romeo and Juliet is good enough without the waking of the heroine before her lover's death and a maudlin, dawdling, sentimental piece of whining in consequence between the two. Would that a like conviction with regard to music might break upon us: The manes of an artist who wrote a Tragedy of four hours long, or an Oratorio of five—such as Hamlet or Belshazzar—could scarcely, with justice, rise from his repose to complain of the inevitable curtailment of his work; for now it is impossible, if ever an audience could endure it, to attend to a performance of such great extent. To shorten, where this is unavoidable, is one thing; to color, to decorate, to misrepresent, or even to dress (when the applied costume is out of the fashion of the age to which the work belongs) is entirely another. Perhaps one of the greatest evils that have ever been done in music, is the reinstrumentation by Mozart of Handel's Messiah; and the evil lies in the fact that the score is written with such consummate artistry as to rival the beauty of the original matter, that it is hence inseparable (save in those pieces in which, from the first, Mozart's additions have been unused), from Handel's groundwork in public performances. Because of its infinite merit, Mozart's orchestration is now indispensable; and, because of its indispensability, any one now regards it as a precedent, and takes licence from its example to invest other works of Handel with "additional accompaniments." Unhappily, or happily, as the case may be, everybody who paints Handel with the vivid colors of the modern orchestra is not Mozart. If he were, and were always at his best, then should we become strangers to the effects intended by the mighty one of Halle, the stern grandeur and the special sweetness of the Saxon giant would have no existence, and the delicious haze of sunset glories that hangs as a kind of veil between the ancient style of music and the modern would hide from view the most salient features of the master's individuality. I plead guilty to this act of treason against the musician's memory in my own poor strivings, which would not be extenuated by a recital of the circumstances that induced me to the act; but I acknowledge that I live in a glass-house, and the stones I may throw will shatter as much my own panes as they may strike against the crystals of others. Now the case of Handel differs from that of every later musician, and, to a great extent, from that of some composers of his own period, in that the unwritten organ part formed a prominent and important feature in the performances over which he himself presided; and that the absence of this designedly conspicuous feature causes a vast blank, which imperatively needs to be filled. It was this imperative need which caused Mozart to write his wind instruments and occasionally to add to the string parts of Handel, for the performance of the Messiah in Vienna, in a hall that had no organ. He must be a man with the genius of Mozart or of Handel himself, or else with the belief that he had it, who would now-a-days dare to improvise an organ part to any work by Handel, that should aim at the contrapuntal character and the general fulness of interest of what Handel is recorded to have played; but a thing may be accomplished in the stillness of contemplation, which is impossible in the heat of excitement, and thus one—who could by no means extemporize it—might write, in a fortunate humor, such an organ part as even Handel might not have rejected. This would not be to modernize a work

written in the spirit of another age, but to fill up the gap occasioned by the author's incomplete mode of writing. So deemed Mendelssohn—more wisely than when he recast "Acis and Galatea"—when afterwards he wrote his truly Handelian organ part for "Israel in Egypt." It is seemingly inconsistent, on the other hand, to fill up the incompleteness of Handel with instrumental effects such as he never could have conceived, even though it be done after the example of Mozart's "Messiah." Let us pass on, however, to a master who lived two generations after the grand old colossus became silent, after the modern had been introduced into music by the magical touch of Mozart, and who is duly accredited with a mastery over the materials wherewith he worked, that is equal to the measureless greatness of his thought. It has been proposed—merely measure the monstrosity!—to improve the orchestration of the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and the notion has been justly met by Mr. Manns in a paragraph in the book of his benefit concert last April, and by Mr. Joseph Bennett in an article that appeared in this journal. There is one thing to be urged, and this is the single one, in support of the extravagant proposal—namely, that let be written what may, either in the way of making clear the ideas which Beethoven is now declared to have been unable to express, or else in making clear what the proposer would like him to have expressed, let be written what may, the world has always the freedom to receive or to reject it, and we who have full faith in Beethoven, so may still play him as he wrote, and may still believe that his writing is the immortal portion of himself. The orchestration of a master is as entirely individual to him as are his harmonies or his melodies. One can tell at a hearing that this or that is a score of Mendelssohn or of Schumann, or Spohr or of Weber, of Beethoven or of Mozart, quite as certainly as one can recognize a painter by his coloring or a poet by his idiom. Would a passage of Shakespeare be any longer his, were every word in it that is unusual in our times to be replaced by the last new University slang phrase which has been adopted by the Girl of the Period? Would a picture by Reynolds be any longer his, were it to be recolored by even the ablest of living artists? Let it be granted that some of the orchestral effects of our master are not satisfactory to the full, and let it be presumed that this is a possible consequence of his infirmity, which he might have altered had he heard these effects as we hear them. What then? If Beethoven had not possessed that miraculous inner sense of sound through which he perceived the beautiful, he would not have been Beethoven; and, in like manner, had he not possessed that natural as lamentable outer senselessness to the very sounds of his own conceptions, so neither would he have been Beethoven. It is he that is our love, our adoration; and he, disguised by the manipulation of another hand, at the prompting of another brain, is a stranger to musicians, and strange may he be forever. It is argued that the capabilities of instruments have been extended since our master wrote, and that he would have constructed different passages had the means been at hand for their execution. What then? Had he written something else, he would not have written what he wrote, and we shall better enjoy this legacy of genius if we believe it to be unimprovable, than if we submit it to the hacking mercies of any after-comer. Nay, the then limitation of compass of certain instruments brought particular beauties into some works of Beethoven which would not have been there had pianofortes and flutes and other machines for setting the air in motion been without top or bottom to their scale. Notice in testimony, the many incidents, in the early Sonatas particularly, which, recurring in different keys from those wherein they first are heard, are then modified to bring them within the bounds of the instrument that would have been exceeded had the said incidents been precisely transposed; and new beauties spring from these modifications, beauties that never would have come into being had the copyist instead of the composer been able to transfer the phrases unaltered from one key to another. Let it be granted, a grant beyond the amplitude of all heretofore concessions, that the passage it is proposed to alter are weak, unworthy, even faulty. What then? A true lover may perceive faults in the person, or the mind, or the character of his mistress; but will he love her the less? Will he not love her in spite of, and even because of, these imperfections? This order of editorship has received countenance and even support in English print. Alas and welladay! It becomes then a duty to protest against it; but no protest can obliterate a once printed word.

It is the winged seed that is borne upon the air from clime to clime and from people to people; there is only to wish, where hope has no anchor, that the seed may fall on stony soil, and that men's hearts will afford no nurture to the art-impiety. May such never become the concert edition of musical classics.

The responsibility of a musical editor is beyond calculation. We owe an infinite debt of gratitude to anyone who accepts this responsibility with implicit faith in his author; we owe as deep a debt of resentment to one who grasps it with an unshakable belief in himself.

Cherubini.

Memorials Illustrative of his Life. By Edward Bellasis. (From the London Musical Standard.)

[Continued from Page 346.]

Shortly after Cherubini's arrival at Paris, his "Démophon" was brought out. Another opera on the same subject was also in hand by Vogel; but as he appears to have devoted more attention to the bottle than to fulfilling his engagements, Cherubini completed his work before his rival. The friends of the two composers succeeded in causing both operas to be received with coldness. This was an odd fancy, that of bringing forward two works on the same theme. As Castil-Blaze satirically remarks:—

There was then a mania at the opera for doubling these lovers, and for bringing forward two works in succession, composed on one given subject. By this means a saving was made in cloth, and the make-up of a collection of costumes; and the same decorations served for both dramas.

Fétis condemns Cherubini's work for "a dryness in the airs, a number of faults as regards rhythm and symmetry of phrasing, and, what is worse of all, a languid monotony in the general tone of the work." He subsequently goes on to explain this by the author's ignorance (at that time) of the requirements of the French stage, and the unmusical nature of the language which did not afford the cadenced rhythms of the Italian tongue. Piccianti considers, that the faults are to be assigned more to the poet than the musician, and observes that "in 'Démophon' Cherubini exhibited a more elaborate workmanship, more grandeur in form, and so suddenly perfected his style, that he rose above the ordinary and popular intelligence of the time." Halévy also writes: "In this work the composer was laying the foundations of a new school and a new style. But these qualities could not be appreciated by the public; and then inspiration was wanting." Despite its comparative failure, "Demophon" fell upon the small fry of Italian composers and the drawing-rooms as a bombshell; a work so scientific and powerful must have greatly disgusted the worshippers of the soft and artificial Italian school. Its production was one of the many signs of the breaking away from the old moorings, and of the mighty social change which the following year was to usher in.

The Queen granted the Loge Olympique an apartment in the Tuilleries for its performances, and here, in 1789, was produced Cherubini's cantata, "Circe," which Miel calls, "one of the master pieces of the French lyric drama." In this year, Léonard, the Queen's perfumer, a man of taste and great wealth obtained a license to open a theatre for Italian opera. Cherubini was appointed director of the scheme, and Viotti was sent to Italy to engage singers. Cherubini worked hard at his new post, teaching the singers, leading in the orchestra—either on the violin or harpsichord, we presume—and inserting fresh airs in the works brought forward. Lafaye remarks:—

At this period he had two distinct styles, one of which was allied to Paisiello and Cimarosa by the grace, elegance, and purity of the melodic forms; the other which attached itself to the school of Gluck and Mozart, more harmonic than melodious, rich in instrumental details.

In the midst of the composition of the next opera, "Marguerite d'Anjou," the Revolution broke out, and Cherubini quitted Paris for Breuilpont in Normandy, but he returned again to Paris before the execution of the unfortunate king. During the years of anarchy the musician suffered much hardship. His aristocratic friends and supporters had either fallen under the guillotine or fled from the bloody city, and Cherubini seems to have passed his time in seclusion, and in the study of drawing, botany, and the physical sciences. To go out was dangerous, and, according to Mr. Bellasis, he appears to have had a narrow escape.

The musical score consists of five staves of piano music. The top staff (treble clef) has dynamic markings 'Ped.' and '*' above the notes. The second staff (bass clef) shows a continuous eighth-note pattern. The third staff (treble clef) features a series of eighth-note chords. The fourth staff (bass clef) also shows a continuous eighth-note pattern. The fifth staff (treble clef) has dynamic markings 'fz' and 'ff' above the notes. The music is composed of various chords and rhythmic patterns, characteristic of a piano piece.

No. 6. "DEPART, DEPART, YE SONS OF AARON."—CHORUS.

Allegro maestoso.

SOPRANO. *f*
De - part,.... De - part,..... ye

ALTO. *f*

Allegro maestoso.
p cresc.
sons of Aa - ron go: A no - bler quarrel nev-er rais - - ed The

p

zeal that in your fathers bla - zed. De - part,.... de - part,..... ye

sf *sf*
cresc. *p*

sons of Aa - ron, go: de - part, de - part, ye
 (cresc.) f

sons of Aa - ron, go. It is our king, 'tis God, for whom ye
 (p) f sf p

strike the blow, for whom ye strike the blow.
 TENORE.
 BASSO. We

(p)

De - part, ye sons of Aa - ron go.

go,.... we go,..... we sons of Aa - ron go. It is our

p cres.

'Tis God, for whom we strike the blow:

king, 'tis God, for whom we strike the blow: It is our

'tis God, for whom we strike the blow, for

king, 'tis God, for whom we strike the blow, for

Once, during an occasion of more than ordinary excitement, Cherubini fell into the hands of a band of sans-culottes, who were roving about the city seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special satisfaction to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty and nobility to administer now to their own gratification. On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them, a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words, "The Royalist! The Royalist!" resounded on all sides. At this critical juncture, one of Cherubini's friends, a kidnapped musician too, seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and succeeded in persuading him to lead the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yell of that revolutionary assemblage; and when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet took place, Cherubini and his friend had to mount some empty barrels and play till the feasting was over.

Love, and the horrible duty of escorting the condemned to the scaffold, kept Cherubini in Paris. He had promised his hand to Cécile, the accomplished daughter of Signor Tourette, a musician of the old Chapelle Royale, and husband of one of the ladies in waiting at the court. His engagement as leader of the Italian Theatre necessitated his enrolment as a member of the National Guard, and there was no escaping from his horrible duties. The difficulty moreover of leaving Paris was great, and Cherubini having occupied so prominent a position, and one attached to the court, would have risked his life had he made the attempt.

On July 18th, 1791, was produced on the opening of the Théâtre Feydeau, the opera "Lodoiska." Mr. Bellasis quotes extensively from the opinions of various authorities as to the merits of the work. It is hardly necessary to offer any fresh comment on this masterpiece. Its success was immense, the whole audience going through the — somewhat wearisome—process of rising and applauding each piece. The work seems to have given the *coup de grâce* to the old Italian school, and it is somewhat remarkable that the fatal blow should have been delivered by an Italian himself. But, as we have pointed out, the time for change had come. If the tender melodies and showy writing of Piccini and others suited a society given over to mere luxury and voluptuousness, such a style was certain not to meet the tastes and feelings of men who lived in more stirring times. As there had been two "Démophons," so there were two "Lodoiskas." One by Kreutzer was produced at the same theatre a month after that of Cherubini's. The old charges that are again and again urged against innovators were launched at Cherubini. Mr. Bellasis prints a long criticism written during the composer's lifetime against this work, in which the author says:—

Since it is easier to produce harmonies and noise, effects of purely theoretical calculation, than to create song, M. Cherubini, renouncing the Italian method, which requires imagination and fecundity, allies himself to the German manner, in substituting for an expressive melody the noisy and often unnatural effects of instrumental profusion. This cry is just as rife to-day, as it was eighty years ago.

During the time of the Republic (and Consulate) the number of theatres in Paris was singularly large, and among the chief musicians engaged in writing for them may be reckoned Viotti, Méhul, Grétry, Gossec, Monsigny, Philidor, Steibelt, and Dalayrac. When, however, the crisis came in 1793, and the King was led to the scaffold, the musicians, thoroughly alarmed at the turn events were taking, had fled from the city. Cherubini took refuge at La Chartreuse de Gaillon, near Rouen, the residence of a friend whose wife was fond of music. Here he had "La Caverne" put upon the boards; the work was by his friend Lesueur, and Cherubini took great pains to present it properly, in order to vex the Parisian artistes, who, he considered, had treated its modest author very unfairly. While staying here, the news of his father's death reached Cherubini, and the poor musician had to sell his little inheritance at Florence for the funeral expenses. Shortly after this event he wrote the two-act opera of "Elisa," and the work was given with indifferent success at Paris towards the close of the year. Mr. Bellasis writes enthusiastically about this opera, and considers that its libretto damned the work.

The following account of the establishment of the great French school of music will be read with interest; an odd proceeding for sans-culottism:—

It was in 1795 that the Paris Conservatoire was founded. After the 14th of July, 1789, Larrete,

captain on the staff of the National Guard at Paris, had collected together forty-five musicians, as a nucleus of the performance of the music of the Guard. In the May of 1790, the municipality took this body under their charge, and raised the number of musicians to seventy. On the 9th of June in the same year, a decree was issued for the formation of an "Ecole gratuite de Musique de la Garde Nationale." By his zeal Sarrette came more immediately under the notice of the government; and on the 8th of November 1793 (18th Brumaire, an 2) a decree of the Convention created an Institut National de Musique, consisting of 115 artists and 600 students, for the purpose of "celebrating musically the national festivals." The place for the institute was situated in the Rue St. Joseph, the site being now occupied by baths. By a law of the 16th Thermidor, an 3 (August 3, 1795), the National Convention suppressed the Musique de la Garde Nationale. The same day, however, on the report of one Joseph Chenier, measures were taken for founding a Conservatoire of music, which at length resulted in its establishment on the 25th of October, 1795. Sarrette was appointed director, with five inspectors, Lesueur, Grétry, Gossec, Méhul, and Cherubini, the three latter teaching counterpoint. The classes were opened for students a little more than a year afterwards, on the 30th October, 1796. The Conservatoire engaged correspondents abroad, such as Salieri and Haydn at Vienna, Paisiello at Naples, Winter at Munich, and Zingarelli at Rome. A special commission, consisting of Berton, Catel, Cherubini, Martini, Méhul, Eler, Framery, Gossec, Lacépède, Langlæs, Lesueur, Provy, Rey, and Rodolphe, was ultimately appointed for compiling a treatise on harmony for the school, and assembled on the 2d Nivose, an 9 (22nd December, 1801). Several meetings having been dedicated to the consideration of various systems of harmony, the commission finally agreed to accept that of Catel on the 10th Ventose (29th February, 1802). Méhul "reported progress," and the resolutions passed by the Conservatoire de Musique with respect to the adoption of Catel's Treatise on Harmony were drawn up and signed by Sarrette as president. Prizes were eventually given to successful pupils, who were even sent to Italy for purposes of study at the expense of the state. In 1806, a separate department of "declamation" was formed, composed of eighteen of the most talented pupils, twelve being men and six women; and for each man there was a gift of 1,000 francs, and for each woman 900 francs. Such an institute as the Conservatoire soon brought out a number of distinguished instrumentalists and vocalists.

[To be continued.]

Music Abroad.

The Crystal Palace Concerts.—" L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso."

We have always deprecated the plan of producing at the Crystal Palace, as the staple of the musical entertainment on Saturday afternoon, other than orchestral compositions of the higher order, namely; symphonies, overtures, and concertos. The "Cantata" we have ever viewed as an unhappy compromise between the opera and the oratorio; but the case of "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso" must be treated as an exception; for here we have the sublime stanzas of Milton married to the immortal music of a supreme master, and naturally listen with reverence. This work was completed by Handel in the February of 1740, and performed, the same month, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The date of the composition thus intervenes between "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah." The cantata "Acis and Galatea" bears date A.D. 1732, and "Alexander's Feast," 1736. The compiler of the libretto, one Jennings, dealt with Milton's sublime conception as he listed. For example, the two poems in praise of mirth and melancholy are not kept distinct, but amalgated, so that pieces from the "Allegro" and the "Pensieroso" alternate. The text, too, has been tampered with and the diction changed. We may note one vile specimen in the "Allegro," where the distich —

"Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men."

has been improved by calling the cities "populous," thus substituting a commonplace for a poetical adjective, and a dactyl for a trochee. Mr. Jennings also thought proper to supplement the inspirations of Milton with a poem of his own entitled "Il Mod-

erato," which forms part III. of the cantata. This appendix ends with an invocation of him whom the teetotallers deride, in their fanatical horror of alcohol, as "Mr. Moderation." This third part, however, was altogether omitted on Saturday, and, indeed, several numbers were erased from the first and second parts. These omissions included sundry recitatives; the soprano air "Far from all resort of mirth;" the tenor air, "Let me wander not unseen;" the alto air, "Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy, &c;" the soprano air, "But O, sad Virgin;" another soprano air, "And ever against eating cares;" and the tenor air, "I'll to the well-trod stage anon." As thus abridged, the scheme of the concert stood as follows:—

Overture, "Esther"..... Handel.
L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso"..... Handel.
(First time at these Concerts.)

PART I.

- Recit., "Hence, loathed Melancholy," Mr. E. Lloyd.
- Recit., "Hence, vain doting joys"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Air, "Come, thou goddess"..... Miss E. Spiller.
- Air, "Come rather, goddess"
- Air and Chorus, "Haste thee, nymph"..... Mr. E. Lloyd and Choir.
- Air and Chorus, "Come, and trip it"..... Mr. E. Lloyd and Choir.
- Recit., "Come, pensive nun."
- Air, "Come, but keep thy wonted state"
- Chorus, "Join with thee, calm Peace"..... The Choir.
- Recit., "Hence, loathed Melancholy"..... Mr. E. Lloyd.
- Air, "Mirth, admit me of thy crew"
- Recit., "First and chief"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Air, "Sweet Bird"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington. [Flute obligato, Mr. Alfred Wells.]
- Recit., "If I give thee honor due"..... Mr. Whitney.
- Air, "Mirth, admit me of thy crew"..... Mr. Whitney.
- Air, "Off on a plat"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Recit., "If I give thee honor due"..... Mr. F. Lloyd.
- Air, "Straight mine eye"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Air and Cho., "Or let the merry bells"..... Mr. E. Lloyd and Choir.

PART II.

- Solo and Chorus, "Populous cities"..... Mr. Whitney and Choir.
- Air, "There let Hymen"..... Mr. E. Lloyd.
- Recit., "Me, when the sun"
- Air, "Hide me from day's garish eye"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Air, "Orpheus may have his head"..... Miss E. Spiller.
- Air and Chorus, "These delights"..... Mr. E. Lloyd and Choir.
- Recit., "But let my due feet"
- Solo and Cho., "There let the pealing organ"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Choir.
- Air, "May at last"..... Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
- Chorus, "These pleasures Melancholy"..... Choir. Organ.... Dr. STAINER. Conductor.... A. MANNS.

The overture to "Esther" Handel's first oratorio, composed at Cannons Park, Edgware, in 1720, will ever be admired as a stately and dignified work. Handel's score is thin, but the composer always relied on his own supplemental organ accompaniment; and he has made liberal use of his favorite instrument the hautboy. The overture comprises an opening andante with an effective moving bass; a larghetto in G minor, and an allegro in B flat.

The score of the cantata has been amplified by Herr Franz, a German musician, and a devotee of Handel and Bach, in accordance with what Goethe would call the principles of "renunciation and reverence." This gentleman has avoided modern "effects" of instrumentation, and preserved the original score intact as a basis. As specimens of Herr Franz's modification may be cited his addition to the air "Sweet bird" of two clarinets, two bassoons, and a horn. In the introduction, and other parts of this air, where Handel has supported the figures of the flute by a very simple bass, the intermediate harmonies (indicated by the usual "thorough-bass" numerals) are sustained by the wind band; and in the "dry" recitatives, instead of the single violoncello, a sustained accompaniment has been written for the strings.

The cantata may be described as a charming pastoral, adorned with some exquisite painting of words as well as ideas. The music admirably sets off Handel's various styles, alternately "grave and gay, lively and severe." The additional accompaniments are beautiful, and so unobtrusive as to read a lesson to the sensational school of art. The performance, however, was rather slovenly throughout; and the bad singing of the choir principally resulted from their indolent carelessness in counting the bars of rest. Hesitation in music is no less fatal than "dilettation" (according to Addison) to a woman in a certain awkward situation. Praise may be awarded to the fine playing of the flute (Mr. A. Wells) in "Sweet bird;" to innumerable instrumental passages of delicacy; and to the organ accompaniment of Dr. Stainer in the sublime chorus: "There let the pealing organ blow," where the last three lines ending—

Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes,

are sung by a soprano voice. The most successful numbers on Saturday included the soprano air in D minor, "Come hither, goddess, sage and holy" (Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington); the tenor air (Mr. E. Lloyd) and chorus in F, "Haste thee nymph;" the following air and chorus, "Come and trip it, &c.," where Handel, as if to dispute the notion that mirthful music must needs be in the major mode, has written "the invitation to the dance" in C minor; the tenor air in G, (sung by Miss Spiller), "Mirth admit me of thy crew," where the florid style of the accompaniment, and indeed the music itself suggests the air of Galatea, "Hush ye pretty warbling choir;" the famous "Bird" song in D (Mme. Lemmens), where the flute "chirping and twittering," holds so delicious a dialogue with the voice; the bass air in E flat, "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," (capitally rendered by Mr. Whitney, who had to sing the high E flat repeatedly); the tenor air and chorus in D major, "Or let the merry bells go round," where Miss Spiller again took the solo and varied the cadence; the pretty Pastoral air for soprano in A flat, "Hide me from day's garish eye;" the tenor air with chorus in D, "These delights, if thou canst give" (Mr. Lloyd); and the grand religious chorus in F and D minor, "There let the pealing organ blow." Mr. Manns conducted with much skill and *savoir faire*.—*Mus. Stand. Dec. 5.*

PARIS.—According to *Le Menestrel*, all musical Paris was present at the long expected first performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* in November. Indeed, Bach and Handel are just now the rage in Paris. Our French contemporary says:—

The hall of the Cirque presented an exceptional sight, the like of which our great lyric theatres can offer only on days of important first representations. Among those present were MM. Halanzier and Bagier, directors of the Opera and Les Italiens, M. de Chennevères, director of Fine Arts, MM. Ambroise Thomas, Henri Reber, and François Bazin, of the Institute, MM. Ernest Reyer, Charles Lenepveu, Elwart, Pasdeloup, Théodore Gouvy, Eugène Gautier, Théodore de Lajarte, Sar, Wekerlin, Ortolan, Serpette, Lyon Reynier, etc., etc. As to the critics, it is needless to say that they were in full force, and that all our special reporters had the honor of being present.

First, we will state a fact, to which unfortunately we are not accustomed in France, and which does great honor to the director of the Sacred Harmonic Society; namely, the surety, solidity, and incomparable superiority of its chorus; one can almost say, that all the artists that compose this chorus sing like soloists, and it may safely be asserted, that never, in Paris, has there been more careful, more trained, more sound, in short, more perfect chorus singing than that in "*Judas Maccabeus*." Above all those who shared in it, the honor of the performance falls to M. Lamoureux, who has himself trained them, and who, by dint of patience, work and intelligence, has obtained the admirable results which every one acknowledged the other evening. The superiority of the choral execution of the Sacred Harmonic Society promises to the public absolutely new artistic enjoyment, of a kind hitherto unknown. It is in part to this marvellous execution, so supple, so precise, so full of light and shade, that Handel's choruses, always splendid, owed the other evening their brilliant success.

Thanks to M. Lamoureux, oratorio is definitely acclimatized in France; we no longer have cause to envy England and Germany under this head. It is a new source of intellectual pleasure offered to the public.

An attempt to encore the prelude to Wagner's *Tristan et Iseult* at the last Pasdeloup Concert, was so strongly opposed that the conductor had to postpone its repetition till the close of the programme, when those who did not like it, could get out of ear-shot.

DRESDEN.—Herr Julius Rietz lately celebrated his fortieth anniversary as conductor, or *Capellmeister*. He received, on the occasion, congratulations from all parts of Germany, and the King created him Musical Director General of Saxony, a highly coveted distinction, because very rarely conferred. The only persons who

bore it before Herr Rietz, were Spontini, Mendelssohn, and Lachner.

BERLIN.—The subsequent performances of Herr Taubert's comic opera *Cesario*, at the Royal Opera House, have confirmed the success it achieved lately on its first production. It is still, however, too long in many parts, and, if he is wise, the composer will forthwith considerably curtail it. It may, then, become a stock piece. The other operas during the past week have been *Lohengrin*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Guillaume Tell*.

The Italian Opera Company, under the direction of Sig. di Sineechi, Sig. Pollini's successor, will give four performances at the Royal Opera House, between the 24th February and the 6th March next. The operas selected are *Il Matrimonio segreto*, *Don Pasquale*, *Così fan Tutte*, and *L'Omra*. The company will include Signore Artot, Paoletti, Graziosi, Grossi, Signori Padilla, Paoletti, Graziosi, Caracciolo, and Baldelli.

Herr Constantin Sternberg, pianist, gave a concert recently in the Hôtel de Rome. He was assisted by Herr Gustav Hille as violinist. The programme included M. Anton Rubinstein's Sonata for Piano and Violin, a Polonaise by the concert-giver, a Scherzo by Moritz Moszkowski, and variations for the Violin on a Spanish national melody, by Corelli. Both Herr Sternberg and Herr Hille were much applauded. Mad'me Helene Meinhardt sang with good effect three songs: "Wer's nur versteine," "Liebe macht Diebe," by Wuerst, and "Waldvoglein," by Lachner.

The members belonging to the instrumental and vocal classes of the Royal Academic High School of Music gave the first public specimen of their powers on the 18th November, Handel's *Herakles* being selected for the purpose. The work, which is new to Berlin, was performed under the personal direction of Herr Joachim, the head of the institution. The principal solo parts, those of Dejanira and Hercules, had full justice rendered them by Mad. Joachim and Herr Henschel. The o'er solo vocal music was entrusted to Mad. Schulzen von Asted, Mad'me Assmann, Herren Otto and Siebert. The chorus numbering about 70 persons, was composed partly of pupils and masters of the High School, partly of amateurs and members of the Cathedral Choir. The Orchestra, also, comprised pupils and masters of the School, aided by a few former pupils.

Herr August Wilhelmj quite maintained at his second concert the favorable impression he had made at his first. He played several pieces in the course of the evening, but his greatest triumph was Bach's "Ciaconna." Herr Rudolf Niemann, a meritorious pianist, performed Beethoven's Variations on the final motive of the "Eroica," and a "Gavotte" of his own composition. Mad. Elisabeth Erler was the vocalist,

LEIPZIG.—Of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert [Oct. 29,] the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* says: The interest of the audience was greatly divided between soloists and orchestra, although Beethoven's 7th Symphony, besides the concert overture by Rietz, stood on the programme: for, in the first place, Herr Carl Hill, one of our best artists, sang; and secondly, the inauguration of the new second Concertmeister Herr Schradieck took place. He was already well known here as a master of his instrument, and so enjoyed the friendliest welcome on the part of the public. He had chosen for his debut Spohr's D-minor Concerto. (No. 9,) and Bach's *Chaconne*; but we cannot call this choice a very happy one, for, excellent as the technical performance of both numbers was, we were disappointed in the superficial ornamentation, and the whole conception of the matter to be presented, which, with all its nobleness, was more in the spirit of a Vieuxtemps, than of a Spohr, or Sebastian Bach. Herr Hill gave Reinecke's Concert aria, "Almansor," besides three songs: "Der Wegweiser," by Shubert, "Wie bist du meine Königin," by Brahms, and "Gewittermacht," by R. Franz.

In the 5th Gewandhaus Concert (Nov. 5,) the so-

called Mendelssohn Concert, the selections were: Mozart's G-minor Symphony; the romance "Rose, wie bist du," from Spohr's "Zemire and Azor," sung by Mme. Peschka-Lentner; and Mendelssohn's music to Racine's *Athalie*.

On the 7th November the Gewandhaus Quartett-Verein began its winter's Soirées under the direction of Herr Concertmeister Röntgen. On the programme stood: Quartet in C-sharp minor, op. 121, Beethoven; Trio for piano and strings, in F, op. 80, Schumann; and Quartet in G-minor, Mozart. The 'cello and viola were held by two new members, Herren Schröder and Thüner, who encountered one of the most difficult of tasks in the opening number, and acquitted themselves most honorably. The second violin found a worthy representative in Herr Haubold, and the piano-forte in Kapellmeister Reinecke.

The operas given at the Stadt-theater in October, were: Weber's *Freyschütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*; Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; Meyerbeer's *Alcina*; Halevy's "Jewess;" Rossini's "Barber;" Verdi's *Trovatore*; Mozart's *Così fan tutte*; Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; Flotow's *Stradella*; Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz*, (twice).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 26, 1874.

Italian Opera.

Manager Strakosch has given us three weeks of Opera, concluding to-day;—and in Mr. Cheney's new Globe Theatre, which in a summer has risen phoenix-like out of the ruins of the old one, beautiful, commodious, spacious, while acoustically it proves satisfactory to a remarkable degree, speech or music being well heard from all parts of the auditorium. The Strakosch troupe is large in its list of principal singers, especially Sopranos, for it includes, besides the "bright peculiar star" Albani, also Mme. Potentini, Mlles. Marie Heilbron, Donadio and Maresi. The operas given have been *Aida* (twice), *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* (twice), *La Traviata*, *Norma* (again this afternoon), *Il Barbiere*, *Faust*, *Ernani*, *Martha*, *Marchetti's Ruy Blas* (new), *Don Giovanni* (Christmas), *Trovatore*, and, for the grand novelty here, the *Lohengrin* of Richard Wagner, which has been given three times. With all the attraction of the music, the singers and the new theatre itself, the last named work alone has drawn full houses, though the Albani nights have run not far behind; it needs no other explanation of the failure than the very high prices in hard times like these. We have not been a regular attendant, and, suddenly called upon as we are to get our paper ready for the press and for the mail before Christmas, our notes of what we have heard must be brief.

We heard *Aida* once, and found it (as we did last winter) essentially the same old Verdi, in spite of more elaboration and refining upon instrumental effects; a few arias of considerable pathos and beauty in each of the principal characters; some striking local coloring, oriental suggestions, quaint and barbaric in the dances and the temple chants; plenty of roaring unisons in chorus; plenty of pomp and blaze both scenic and sonorous. Mme. Potentini, as *Aida*, showed considerable dramatic intensity and earnestness, and an effective use of a strong but rather hard voice. Miss Cary's rich and thoroughly well trained Contralto, in the part of Amneris, was grateful to the ear, and her action was careful and appropriate. In *Radames*, the hero and the lover, Sig. CARLO CARPI, the new tenor, commended himself to general favor. He has a sweet, pure, even voice of good power, an admirable method, and a style alike manly and refined. His

whole performance is dignified, free from affectation or overstraining. Sig DEL PUENTE, as before, put a great deal of fire into the part of the captive Ethiopian king, and Sig. SCOLARA's rich, smooth bass, and quiet weight of manner, told well in the other king. The orchestra, under Sig. MUZIO, was for the most part effective, the chorus noisy and confused.

After all this modern noise and splendor, hallowed old *Lucia*, with its pathetic and its florid melody, was refreshing. But here was the beautiful, the exquisitely tuneful, birdlike, innocent, lady-like EMMA ALBANI,—the newly risen young American prima donna, and, if we mistake not, quite the best that we have yet produced,—to make it all alive again. Her voice is one of great range, purity, penetrating power, and sweetness; the tone vibrates with a birdlike intensity; it is full of soul and feeling; and it has been schooled to a most sure and finished execution. All her runs and florid figures in such music as that of the mad scene, with its brilliant variations, are charming, easy triumphs; we know not that we ever heard a trill more perfect. And she has great sustaining power; there is no flagging anywhere, no painful sense of exertion. Good taste, and a chaste, true feeling pervades all her singing. For the impersonation of such a part, her innocent, pure face, her maidennike figure and refinement made her well fitted, and her acting, which we have seen pronounced stiff and studied, was to us natural, expressive, beautiful, although she gives no sign of histrionic genius. The only fault in Mdlle. Albani's singing was a slight tendency to sharp sometimes in the concerted pieces.—The Edgardo of Sig. Carpi lacked the intensity, as well as the clear manly ring, of Benedetti of old; but he sang finely, albeit a little drily and tamely, particularly in the tragic closing scene. The Ashton of Del Puent'e was excellent, and Sig. Scolara made a noble and impressive priest.

—But room for "LOHENGRIN"! Only a peep, at that. *Lohengrin* has been so much written about, and talked about, for twenty years, and heard abroad by many, that it came to us as an old story, almost. It was fresh, however, in the hearing; and to many,—even of those who had kept pace with the theoretic Wagner controversy—the performance was a revelation, not entirely of revolutionary tendencies, of strange anomalies, of the dull monotony which marks all wilful conformity to preconceived ideal theories, but also of a great deal of poetry and beauty in the dramatic, lyric, scenic whole, a pervading nobility and purity of tone, and remarkable ideal unity and completeness in the romantic drama as a whole, which floats upon a rich sea of music, (or say rather tone-waves, rich and strange in form and color, often most tumultuous); said music, when you examine it as music, offering much that is harsh, extravagant, offensive, but not destitute of melody by any means, and full of characteristic traits, and not a little of subtle delicate expression. Undeniably, *Lohengrin* at the Globe, with all the imperfections of the rendering, was a success; and many, with characteristic American (we may say, even Boston) haste, and momentary forgetting of the old loves and ideals, rushed to the conclusion that they were suddenly newborn into the light of a new gospel, convicted Wagnerites in a breath, and ready to assert that verily this is the music of the Future,—i. e. until the next time that we hear Mozart, or Beethoven, or Rossini at his best, again! And we have about described the impression which it left upon our mind after a couple of hearings in Berlin some fourteen years ago, when it was done of course, more perfectly. Of the music as such we remembered little, not having seen the notes at all; the Bridal Chorus and the love Duet in the third act striking us as beautiful; and for the rest a great blaze and fatiguing splendor of restless, continually key-shifting, half barbaric and half noble orchestration; music of ambition, pomp and ceremony. Nothing remains more vividly in our memory than the crackling, crystal ring of those heraldic trumpets which abounded throughout the piece:—those, and the wonderful impersonation of Ortrud, the evil genius of the plot, by Mme. Johanna Wagner-Jachmann, a great actress as well as singer; for half an hour in the first act, where she utters not a note, you could not keep your eyes off from her a moment, the presence was so magnetic.

Now we must own to finding more of musical interest in the work than then. And yet the parts which musically most won the audience, are just those parts which older composers could be conceived of as having written. For in *Lohengrin* Wagner has not by any means cut loose from old traditions. *Melody* it has in plenty, *melodies* scarcely at all. The bridal chorus is a melody, and one which after a

few times grows commonplace. The knight's swan song is only half a melody. Elsa's dream, her soliloquy under the stars, etc., have melodic motives, chiefly a reproduction of that mystic one which appears in the Prelude and haunts the whole play at every allusion to the mystical arrival of the knight. Of wearisome recitative there is but a reasonable dose, no doubt, compared with the later operas of Wagner: the longest and dullest being in the scene where Ortrud and Telramund squat like toads upon the steps of the cathedral, in the night, indulging in mutual recriminations, like Lady Macbeth and her lord, and plotting to distil poison into the unsuspecting ear of the pure Elsa. But when Elsa comes it all grows interesting.—The choruses seemed altogether too much for the usual huck Italian chorus singers; and no wonder, for they are most complicated in their structure, many of them being in eight parts, no two entering on the same part of the measure, while they move often through chromatic, strange, hard intervals. They are neither in plain nor in contrapuntal harmony; set fugues were far less entangling and bewildering. Then the harmony is restless, and fatigues with perpetual and abrupt change of key. The Herald, in his few bars of recitative before the trial by single combat, declaims in five or six keys. A chord is instantly succeeded by another having no note in common, no relationship; in two bars, on page 51 of Novello's piano score, we have the chords of G, B flat and A consecutively. And there is a startling (dis)harmonic progression (one of many) in Ortrud's hypocritical supplication to Elsa ("I will not havent thy future bright") which is the extreme of discord to the ear (however theory may construe it), enough to make one's hair stand on end. But somehow the mind and imagination are kept so occupied with the progress of the drama as a whole, that these things pass one by unnoticed for a few times. On the other hand the sense is very often soothed and fascinated by exquisite comminglings of the softer wind instruments, so that you are too willing to forgive and forget.

These are the merest fragmentary hints of an impression; we must attempt a fuller and worthier account of the matter at a less crowded time. Meanwhile we give the truly poetic and romantic plot of *Lohengrin* in the brief abstract of the London edition; simply adding for the present that the performance on the whole has been much better than we could have expected under the imperfect conditions of opera in this country; that Mdlle. Albani made a beautiful ideal Elsa, both in song and action; that Miss Cary rose above herself in the intense, dark tragedy queen and sorceress, Ortrud; that Carpi was all knightly dignity and purity and tenderness as Lohengrin, and Del Puent'e truly dramatic as the Frederic von Telramund. The Chorus, on the whole was bad; the orchestra (increased to 60) really quite fair, and Sig. MUZIO seemed master of the situation, as if he had been to the manner born. We certainly owe thanks to Mr. Strakosch for these opportunities of making more acquaintance with this much mooted work.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.—Henry "the Fowler," King of Germany, has come to Antwerp to summon his lieges against the Hungarians, who threaten the eastern frontier; he finds the chief divided and without a leader—Giofrid, the young son of the late Duke having mysteriously disappeared, and Frederick Telramund, in virtue of his wife's royal descent, claiming the sovereignty of Brabant. Telramund openly accuses Elsa (Giofrid's sister) of having murdered her brother to win the crown for herself; Elsa is summoned to appear and answer the charge; the King decrees that her cause shall be submitted to ordeal of battle between Telramund and any champion Elsa may choose to defend her. She describes a Knight whom she has seen in a vision, and conjures him to fight for her. After repeated appeals, a skiff, drawn by a swan, is seen to approach the shore; in it is Lohengrin, Elsa's chosen Knight, who accepts Telramund's challenge. Before they fight, Lohengrin beheads himself to Elsa, first claiming her solemn promise never to question him as to his name or race, nor whence he came to her; Telramund is overcome in the combat and stripped of lands and honors.

ACT II.—Telramund and Ortrud (his wife) are watching outside the Palace, which resounds with mirth and revelry; they are determined yet to compass the ruin of Elsa and Lohengrin, and be reinstated in their former rank. Elsa appears on the balcony, and to her Ortrud makes a pitiful appeal, which so effectually moves Elsa to compassion, that she promises to obtain the reprieve of Telramund's sentence. She offers to shelter Ortrud for the night, who amid false protestations of gratitude, affects concern for the uncertainty of Elsa's future happiness, and contrives to insinuate the first germs of suspicion in Elsa's mind. They enter the abode of Elsa. The retainers and vassals assemble to form the bridal procession. Ortrud appears in the train of Elsa's ladies; arrived at the steps of the Master, she cannot restrain her haughty temper, and disputes Elsa's right of precedence; in the midst of the ensuing commotion the King and Lohengrin enter. Lohengrin reproves his bride for holding converse with the evil-minded woman; they are proceeding to the church when Telramund interposes and accuses Lohengrin of

sorcery, alleging the strange manner of his coming amongst them, and the mystery in which his name and rank are shrouded, in support of the declaration. The faith of the King and his Knights in Lohengrin however remains unshaken; doubts for a moment overwhelm Elsa, but she casts them aside; the train finally enters the church and they are united.

ACT III.—Elsa and Lohengrin are conducted to the bridal chamber by a train of Knights and Ladies, and for the first time are alone; doubt and suspicion by this time having taken complete possession of Elsa's mind, she questions her husband with growing vehemence, unmindful of his warnings that her doubts must end their happiness, or that if she insist, to her he must reveal his secret. When their altercation is at its height, a murderous attempt is made on Lohengrin's life by Telramund and four of his followers. Elsa, quick to perceive their intent, hands Lohengrin his sword, who strikes Telramund dead with a single blow. He then places Elsa in the care of her Ladies, charging them to lead her into the presence of the King. Before the King he meets her once more, and reveals himself to be the son of Percival, and a Knight of the Holy Grail; being known, he is now bound to return to its mysterious guardianship. As he speaks, the swan, leading the skiff, appears again on the river, and to Elsa's unspeakable grief he bids her an eternal farewell. Before he steps into the skiff he disenchants the swan, who is no other than Gottfried, transformed by Ortrud's sorcery, and who now takes rightful possession of his dukedom.

Chamber Music.

MR. PERABO's second Matinée, at Wesleyan Hall, Dec. 4, was composed entirely of piano-forte music, of which he was himself the sole interpreter. But for the overpowering heat of the room, alternating with cold drafts from windows, spasmodically opened and shut, the enjoyment would have been great and uninterrupted; but better conditions are essential to the attentive hearing which so formidable a work as Beethoven's "Op. 106" demands. This was the programme:

SONATA, op. 106. B flat major.....	Beethoven.
a. Allegro. c. { Adagio sostenuto. Appassionato	
b. Scherzo. Assai vivace. d. Largo. Allegro risoluto.	
c. Souvenir. A major.....	Schubert.
d. Moreau posthume, F major. {	*
d. Menuet, op. 126, No. 1. B flat major.....	Beethoven.
All first time in Boston.	J. Raff.
LEONORE. Ballade, de Bürger. B flat min.	Rubinstein.
Second time in Boston.	

Mr. Perabo on this occasion achieved the extraordinary feat of reciting that extremely long and difficult Sonata (which we believe he alone has publicly attempted hitherto in Boston), all from memory. The majestic and impassioned *Allegro*, the *Scherzo*, and the wonderfully deep, thoughtful and religious mood of the *Adagio* were feelingly and clearly rendered; and so far we could always follow with the deepest interest and satisfaction in this great Sonata; but when it comes to the last movement, with its bewildering, vague, complicated length of fugue—so wandering and groping, as it seems to us—we always have to own that we are puzzled, fatigued, unrewarded. It is almost the only work of Beethoven which could extort this confession from us; and perhaps when we shall have heard this oftener, we may arrive at a clearer understanding of its meaning and great beauty. Of course it is a true loyal feeling toward the master that prompts the artist not to leave off such a rendering in the middle.

The Schubert *Impromptu* is most beautiful, and was charmingly interpreted. The four little pieces, although two of them bore the name of Beethoven, were hardly more than bagatelles. We have our misgivings, by the way, about those two little things ascribed to Beethoven. Where is the evidence that Beethoven had anything to do with them? We see that both have recently been published as his "last compositions." Yet the one called "Für Elise" (of which no Beethoven catalogue contains any mention, and which seems even to have escaped the all-searching eye of Thayer) is dated 1808, although Beethoven lived until 1827. Of the other, which Mr. Perabo evidently calls a "posthumous piece" merely, we do find mention among the works of doubtful authenticity ascribed to Beethoven, as one of a set of Waltzes under the title "Glaube, Liebe und Hoffnung: Abschieds-Gedanken" (Parting Thoughts), for the Piano. It was published in London with the absurd sensational title "Farewell to the Piano," and by that name is now reproduced here!

The "Leonore" Ballad, by Rubinstein, renewed the graphic impression which it made when Perabo first introduced it here last year.

NEW YORK, DEC. 21, 1874. The programme of the second Symphony concert, which took place on Nov. 28th, was as follows:—

Suite in B minor, (first time)..... Bach.
Adagio and Rondo Brillante, A major, op. 56. Hummel.
Mr. Henry C. Simms and Orchestra.
Symphony, No. 1, in B flat, op. 38..... Schumann.
Trio, "Tremate, Empt, tremate," op. 116. (first time)
(Beethoven.)

Miss Clementine Lasar, Mr. Chas. Fritsch, and
Mr. Franz Remmertz.

Symphonic Poem: "Die Ideale"..... Liszt.
The programme, as originally projected, included the new Raff concerto, to be played by Mr. S. B. Mills; but that gentleman having given notice on Wednesday evening that he was unable to fulfil his engagement, Mr. Simms consented to play at this concert instead of the third.

The suite in B-minor has already been mentioned in your columns, and there can be no difference of opinion with regard to such composition. Its great merit was foregone conclusion; but few people, I imagine, expected to hear anything so perfectly graceful and charming. It was like a cartoon of Raphael which arrests the attention of a superficial observer and claims hours of careful study from the connoisseur.

I noticed one passage where only two parts are played: the flute obligato, and, in the bass, violoncellos and double basses in unison. It is as though one should attempt to play an air upon the piano using only one finger of each hand. And yet, notwithstanding the meagre material used, so skilfully are the intervals managed that there is no poverty or thinness of tone noticeable. The performance of this difficult work was without a blemish, and the same may be said of the manner in which the Schumann Symphony was played.

Mr. Henry C. Simms played the Adagio and Rondo by Hummel in an excellent manner. His style of playing is exactly suited to such compositions, his execution being crisp and exact, while it is not lacking in grace and elegance.

The three singers did full justice to the Beethoven Trio; and the Symphonic poem, which came at the close of the concert, was chiefly remarkable as a display of virtuosity on the part of the orchestra.

At the next concert, Beethoven's fifth Symphony will be played also Raff's new symphony in D-minor. Mr. Franz Remmertz will sing an aria for *Euryanthe* and the vocal part of a selection from Wagner's *Walknere*.

The second Philharmonic Concert took place on Saturday evening Dec. 12th. The following selections were performed:

Symphony, No. 3, E flat major..... Schumann.
Aria: "On mighty pens"..... Haydn.
Miss Ida Roseburgh.
Andante, from Trio, op. 67..... Beethoven.
Instrumented by Liszt.
Ciaccona in D minor..... J. S. Bach.
Recitative and Aria, from "Magic Flute"..... Mozart.
Overture: "Caraval Roman"..... Berlioz.

The performance of Schumann's great Cologne Symphony was not in every sense satisfactory. The andante was rendered better than the scherzo. The fourth movement was set down in the bill as "Allegro," for some unknown reason. As taken by Mr. Bergmann it was *Largo*.

The andante, from the B-flat trio was very well played; but the harp, which is so important a feature in the Lizts setting, was omitted, and a piano, which was introduced, made but a poor substitute. The most attractive feature of the concert was Bach's *Chaconne*. This piece was written for the violin, and arranged for full orchestra, by Joachim Raff, who dedicated it to the New York Philharmonic Society, in acknowledgement of his election as an honorary member. A short time since the Philharmonic Society anticipated Theodore Thomas in the production of Raff's new piano-forte concerto. They now found themselves obliged to take up the chaconne without much preparation, and change their programme to accommodate it. As Mr. Thomas had announced its performance at a matinee in Steinway Hall, a week later. It is a

charming composition, and promises to be as much a favorite as the *Suite* before mentioned. Miss Roseburgh sings well, and gained a re-call after the aria (from the "magic flute"), in which she touched the high F. She was not entirely successful in her rendering of the air by Haydn, her voice being too light for oratorio music. At the next concert, 23, Raff's new symphony, in D-minor will be played. Also Haydn's Symphony in C-minor, (first time); Wagner's Introduction to *Tristan and Isolde*, and an overture: "Ruler of the spirits," by Weber.

Theodore Thomas gave a matinee, at Steinway Hall, December 19, at which Gades' Symphony, No. 1, (C-minor) was performed. The other orchestral selections, were the Bach *Chaconne* to which this matchless band of players gave new beauty and meaning; Beethoven's *Lenna* overture, (No. 3), a new *Rhapsodie*, ("Evening") by Raff, and a coronation march, (new,) by Somsden.

The soloists were Miss Emma Cranch, a contralto of considerable merit, who sang Handel's air: "Lascia ch'io Pianga", and an air by Mozart; "Parto, ma ta, ben mio"; and Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn, who played Ernst's *Nocturno*, and Hungarian melody, for violin. Another matinee is announced for next Saturday. Bach's Suite in B-minor and Raff's "Leonora" Symphony are in the bill. Mr. Henry C. Simms will play Chopin's E-minor concerto; and Miss Cranch will be the vocalist.

The audience at the first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society on Saturday Evening cast was unusually brilliant and enthusiastic. To the lover of good music these concerts now offer attractions second to none in the country.

The Thomas Orchestra gave a noble and, as it seemed, perfect rendering of Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and also played Wagner's "Faust" Overture. The theme and variations by Brahms, which was played at the Central Park Garden last summer; also an "Overture Triumphale" by Rubinstein which I also remember hearing at a Garden Concert. Mr. Mills played the new Raff Concerto which was to be played at the last Symphony Concert in New York; and Mlle. Marie Heilbron sang the aria from "Le Pre aux clercs" by Herald, and the Polacca from *Mignon*. A. A. C.

Norbert Burgmueller.

Hauptmann, Mendelssohn and Schumann entertained the highest hopes of this gifted young composer, cut off in his early prime, whose most important work, his second (uncompleted) Symphony, is to be brought out in the next Harvard Symphony Concert. The following notice of his brief career has been furnished us by one of his admirers.

NORBERT BURGMÜLLER was born in Düsseldorf, Germany, February 8th, 1810. His father, one of the chief founders of the Rhine Musical Festivals, gave him his first knowledge of Music. Later he studied under Spohr and Hauptmann in Kassel, whither he was sent by his admirer Count of Nesselrode-Ehreshoven. In 1831, after completing his studies, he returned to Düsseldorf for the purpose of spending a short time with his parents. He then visited Magdeburg, Dresden, Berlin, London and found everywhere a distinguished welcome. In London a brilliant engagement was offered him, but illness compelled him to abandon it and return home. He soon after accepted an invitation to visit Aix-la-Chapelle with Baron Von Ferber from Mecklenburg for the purpose of restoring his health. May 7th, 1836, only six days after his arrival, he was found dead in his bathroom. An epileptic fit seized him while bathing and he suffocated. Mendelssohn wrote a funeral March for this occasion, which was played alternately with one by Beethoven. Norbert was the youngest of three brothers. Franz, the oldest, joined the army and died in Greece. Fredrik lived in Paris for many years and became known as an arranger of popular music for the Piano.—Both Mendelssohn and Hauptmann looked upon Norbert with the greatest expectations. Among his works, published by Kistner, Leipzig, in 1834, are particularly interesting: a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra; Overture to the unfinished Opera "Dionys," several Songs, and his second (unfinished) Symphony in D, op. 11. The Scherzo of the latter was completed by Robert Schumann. The Finale has never been written. The work has been given in Leipzig several times with great success.

E. P.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

When by thy Side. (Quando sia cenere). Trio, Soprano, Alto or Baritone. 4. G to g. Campana. 65

A very practicable, useful and pleasing trio in which we can enjoy Italian music without extra hard study. The tenor must be a true one, as also the soprano, as high g occurs frequently.

We sail Tomorrow, Darling. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to e. Wheeler. 35
"Our good ship sails for home."

A "homeward bound" ballad in good taste.

The Brooklet. Duet for Mezzo-Soprano and Tenor or Baritone. 4. Eb to f. Boott. 30
"It has filled with its sweetness and freshness, That turbulent, bitter heart."

Longfellow, of course:—Boott is probably his best musical interpreter. Little runs, to imitate the ripples and surges of the waters, render it in places a little difficult.

Innocence. 4. Ab to f. Oliver. 25
"Fair as an opening flower."
"Du list wie eine blume."

A sweet little German "gem," of American making.

Stars of Heaven, softly shining. 3. Db to f. Blake. 40
"Is my lady true to me?"

Truly musical, and skilfully adapted to the public taste.

Instrumental.

Souvenir for Piano. 4. A. Perabeau. 40
It is to the credit of this admirable player that he remembers that others are not so far advanced as he. This is fine music, and not very difficult.

Curfew Chimes. Nocturne. 4. D. Warren. 50
The chimes ring throughout in the sweetest way.
A very pleasing piece.

Amaryllis Galop. 3. E. Krakauer. 30
A neat, trim, pretty, old-fashioned dance.

Dream at Twilight, Waltz. (Picture Title). 3. D. Cloy. 40
Very tasteful, smooth and pleasing.

Night and Morning. 4. D. Warren. 75
Quite highly wrought, and rich in melody.

My Fair Lady, Waltzes. 3. Zikoff. 60
One cannot tell whether the title suggested the waltz, or the waltz the title. Any way it is exceedingly delicate and graceful, and any fair lady can dance to it with pleasure.

Beethoven's Last Compositions.

Für Elise. Composed in 1808. 4. A minor. 40
Farewell to the Piano. 4. F. 30

In these, as in other Beethoven pieces, one notices a premonition of the modern school of playing;—the modern piano being needed for the full resonant effect.

Six Sonatinas.

These are instructive pieces, constructed with much ingenuity, the right hand constantly playing easy 5 finger passages, and the left hand part quite varied. Of the second and third degree of difficulty. Prices, 30, 35, 40 or 50cts.

Adelaide Mazurka. 3. Eb Milliken. 30

A strongly marked air, and general brightness of arrangement, make it almost too brilliant for a mazurka. It is one in form, however, and a taking piece.

Flowers of Melody. Mack. each 20

Here are 20 neat little pieces for beginners. We notice at present: No. 1. Little Emily Waltz. No. 2. White March. No. 3. Kitty Waltz. No. 4. Surprise Schottisch. No. 5. Progress March. No. 6. Lady Bug Schottisch. No. 7. Woody Glen Mazurka, and No. 8. Emma Polka. All are very easy and pretty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

